

# WESTON'S Coast to Coast TRAMP

By Willard W. Garrison



**E**DWARD PAYSON WESTON, aged 72 years, is the youngest old man in the world. Not satisfied with a mere statement of this fact, Weston has proven it by walking from New York to San Francisco, a distance of 4,600 miles, in 100 days, Sundays excluded.

His arrival in Frisco just the other day is proof enough that there is only one Weston. It was one of the greatest walks ever undertaken by any pedestrian.

With the chilly March winds making walking a difficulty along Broadway, New York, Weston on the fifteenth of the month started his long, tedious, coast-to-coast lode and the biggest pleasure of his life came when the cool afternoon breeze, as if in greeting, seemed to rise out of Golden Gate, San Francisco, and make the home stretch to the Frisco city hall more pleasant.

Greeted by the people of San Francisco with even more hospitality than he had experienced along the route, if such a condition were possible, this interesting old man was indeed at the height of his glory.

Think of it—you who brag about a ten-mile feat of pedestrianism—this 72-year-old New Englander during his years of walking, has traversed more than 25,000 miles, which is the distance around the world, land and water included.

His latest achievement was accomplished at a rate of 46 miles each day, a hard proposition in consideration of the fact that Weston returned the public's little courtesies by addressing his admirers along the route.

Some days over level country where fast time was possible, he would negotiate 50 and 60 miles. The record was set when on his walk from Portland, Me., to Chicago a year ago, he accomplished a stretch of 90 miles in a day. Then, however, he walked almost the entire 24 hours.

Always carrying a regulation breakfast food smile this quaint old character, who, by the way, can address an audience as well as he can walk long distances, never lost sight of the optimistic side of his venture. Happy, hale, hearty and a picture of color, he laughed gayly at mention of the vicissitudes which he was compelled to undergo in making good in his determination to span the continent at foot.

Facing the sun-baked western deserts, he wore the same typical Yankee smile. Only once did the relentless heat of the sands cause him to falter. That was, when in crossing the Great Salt Lake desert on the twenty-second of June he was forced to stop and rest almost two hours at Lemay, Utah. He rested almost against his will, but he realized that the little snatch of sleep at Lemay was for the best.

Leaving Hogup, Utah, at 6:30 that morning, he started his desert tramp. That night he was at Lucin, 41 miles away. At four o'clock the next morning he saw dawn break over the town of Lucin, and he was several miles to the west, walking with the same steady stride which marked his progress along better roads in the east.

He suffered a slight injury from a fall in the west, and this hurt augmented by the effects of the heat, promised to make his daily walks shorter. Sheer persistence kept him at his task, and his will power overcame his ailments. Consequently, when he crossed the west state line of Utah, he was in splendid physical condition.

All was not milk and honey for the pedestrian. At Laramie, Wyoming, his manager forced him to stay indoors for an entire half day in order to conserve his energy.

Perhaps the states east of Illinois which greeted Weston a year ago when he made his memorable trip from Portland, Me., to Chicago, were not quite as enthusiastic over the aged pedestrian as they were in 1908, but if such was the case young Mr. Weston failed to see the lack of hospitality.

One of the speediest "laps" which the walker accomplished before entering California, was that from Ogden to Hogup, Utah. Leaving Ogden one hour after midnight he reached the smaller city late in the afternoon of the same day. It was a tramp of 61 miles, and he



NEAR THE END OF HIS JOURNEY

His loss of time which amounted to five days as he started to ascend the western slope of the mighty Rockies, was occasioned chiefly by his desire to please the admir-



STOP FOR LIQUID REFRESHMENT

declared it was the best time he had made during the trip.

To every one along his route of travel, who saw him appear on the horizon to the east and then vanish again toward the setting sun he was the same cheery, hale, hearty, happy old gentleman. His feet might be clogged with mud, if the weather happened to be inclement, his clothes rain, or dew soaked. It made no difference with the Weston smile, however. It shone no matter what the conditions.

Smiling upon everyone in general, bowing to the matrons, throwing kisses to the misses, his whole being reflected the power of the good nature which his manager declared assisted him in his difficult task.

Treading the slope of the Rockies several days behind time, he only saw the silver lining in the clouds that threatened to blast his hopes of reaching the Pacific coast at 4 p. m., on the 8th of July.

At his journey's end the whole city of San Francisco abandoned its last hour of the business day in the hope of making the pedestrian's welcome a warm one. Just as other western cities had turned out to wave a cheery hello and good-by to Weston, big, rejuvenated Frisco was proportionately hospitable to this remarkable character.

With the eastern slope of the Rockies traversed there were some who questioned the possibility of the pedestrian's safe arrival at the Golden Gate on the day set for his welcome.

"I am still a young old man," he said laughingly, "and I have shown the pedestrian youngsters of 55 and 60 years that my heyday is not on the wane."

"There have been plenty of obstacles to overcome, but with a path to tread and a will behind me, nothing is insurmountable."

Fairly swimming through a sea of mud was one of the everyday happenings with the walker.

"I agreed to walk from ocean to ocean, but I had no idea I would be compelled to swim part of the way," he said. "But that is just what I had to do in Colorado. My walk into Denver was over roads which were terrible. I carried tons of mud on my feet, it seemed to me, and it was a supreme effort to lift the dirt itself with taking a step which carried my own body besides."

It took Pedestrian Weston just 73 days to

reach Denver from New York, leaving him 27 days for the trip from the Colorado metropolis to the Golden Gate.

Even when Weston had so nearly completed his journey as to safely traverse the Great Salt Lake desert there were some people in the great cities who were skeptical as to the walker's ability to reach his destination.

"Can't reach Frisco, eh?" queried Weston with an arching of the eyebrows which seemed to echo itself all over his wrinkled visage. "Why, I'll reach the coast with time to spare." And the square Weston jaw seemed to augur well for the success of his resolve.

In every big city through which the New Englander passed en route to the Pacific ocean, police protection from the over-enthusiastic public was necessary, and he declared that of all the friends he made the city minions were heartier in their wishes for his ultimate success than the thousands and thousands who were interested in his long tramp.

ing common peepul it was one of the pleasant "obstacles" to which he called attention when accounting for the delay.

Many courtesies of various character were extended to him and it was necessary to acknowledge them. In so doing, a little speech and perhaps a stopover for some local festivity necessitated lots of fast walking when the trail was again taken up.

Cow paths, big paved city streets, country roads, ditches, rights of way belonging to railroads, and often mere trails through the woods furnished the line of travel for the great journey of this aged athlete.

Intense enthusiasm was manifested all through the west, and true hospitality of the plains was accorded him after he departed from Chicago. Only a year previous, he had passed along the same New York-Chicago route, and he seemed an old friend to the countrymen. Consequently, like every old friend, his feat did not cause nearly so much consternation there as in the west.

"Mercy, how do you take care of your corns, walking as much as you do?" a white-haired grandma in Indiana asked Weston, as he quenched his thirst at her well.

"O, they're just ordinary feet. I have a few corns, but cold water is the best medicine they know. It keeps them in great trim."

Weston wore out dozens of pairs of shoes during the journey. He had to have an especially pliable shoe, one which neither pinched his feet nor was too loose, and one of the difficulties of the trip was procuring just the correct footwear.

It was 40 years ago and more that Weston started the country by one of his especially long walks. When passing through Illinois on his last venture, he encountered an aged farmer who was sunning himself in front of his farm home.

Hard work had told on the Illinoisan's physique. He looked little like the young man who had stopped his plowing one spring morning back in the nineteenth century to offer the then 30-year-old Weston a meal at the farm-

house. It was 40 years later, yet Weston recalled the meal, and the old man's eyes sparkled as if in memory of the good things the young wife had put before him.

Weston inquired after the man's wife and was told that she had been dead 20 years. Tears came into the eyes of the aged Illinois farmer.

Then the pair, like two old cronies, set out down the road together, Weston abandoning his long, sweeping stride



MAKING A SPEECH

for shorter, slower steps, more in keeping with the physical condition of his friend of four decades ago.

Their good-by at the crossroads, a quarter of a mile from the farmer's abode was touching, and for the first and last time during the entire trip, tears appeared in the pedestrian's eyes. It was the recollection of the old days when Weston was comparatively a youngster, and was befriended by the big-hearted inhabitants of the

country through which he had journeyed. Weston and Dan O'Leary were youngsters as well as pioneers in the business of pedestrianism years ago. Then the O'Leary "walk" was a distinct rival of the Weston "walk."

Their feats on the thoroughfares of the country attracted far more attention than they do in these busy days, and people were getting up early in the morning to tear off a journey of from 15 to 20 miles before breakfast, using the stride of their favorite walker.

The O'Leary stride then, consisted of executing motions with the hips, shoulders, as well as limbs, along with a good deal of arm swinging, while the New Englander's style consisted of a straight, swinging step, with the head, shoulders and hips moving in harmony with the lower limbs.

"What does he get out of it? What good does it do him?" the practical matter-of-fact twentieth century man will ask.

In answer, Weston's friends declare that in the first place every man has some hobby or other. Weston's hobby is long distance walking. In the second place it may turn itself into a financial venture some day. Weston is a good orator, and on his tours is always in demand as a lecturer.

But at the same time the pedestrian is said to be comparatively a poor man. On his walk in 1908 from Portland to Chicago, he entered the Windy City with the expectation of lecturing. He did a little speaking, but not to any great extent.

To show his absolute integrity is an offer which was made to him, and rejected by him almost immediately, of a firm manufacturing a shoe device. He could have turned his signature to the company's testimonial into several thousand dollars on the spot, had he chosen to sign a paper, stating that he had worn the shoe contrivance on his journey and found it satisfactory. He had not worn it, and refused the offer without a second's hesitation.

For him pedestrianism is one great round of pleasure. He likes to walk and the agreement he made to traverse the continent in 100 days simply furnished more than three months of enjoyment.

That was Weston's idea. The agreement was in a sense, a secondary matter. His vigor, vitality and recuperative powers are declared wonderful by physicians who have studied him. He is probably the greatest athlete of the age, everything considered.

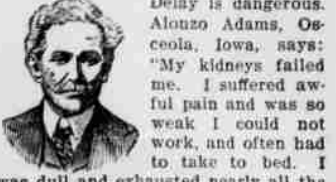
By post roads the distance from New York to San Francisco is 4,300 miles, but according to the estimate furnished by Mr. Weston and his manager the distance is 4,600 miles, which being accomplished in 100 days, excluding Sundays, necessitates a tramp averaging 46 miles each day.

Considering the many setbacks which are bound to occur on such a journey as this the progress which Weston made was considered remarkable.

It was declared that the automobile which was following Weston deserted him in the west because that particular make of car failed to get the amount of publicity desired. This was something of a setback for the old man, because the machine carried provisions, refreshments and other necessities.

## TIRED ALL THE TIME.

Languor, listlessness, dullness of spirits are often due to kidney disorders. Pain and weakness in the back, sides and hips, headaches, dizziness, urinary disorders are sure signs that the kidneys need immediate attention. Delay is dangerous.



Alonzo Adams, Osceola, Iowa, says: "My kidneys failed me. I suffered awful pain and was so weak I could not work, and often had to take to bed. I was dull and exhausted nearly all the time. I consulted doctors and used medicines, but only Doan's Kidney Pills helped me. Soon I was permanently cured."

Remember the name—Doan's. For sale by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

## WELL DEFINED.



De Quiz—What's your idea of the difference between optimism and pessimism?

De Whiz—O' the optimist says it is spring when it isn't and the pessimist says it isn't when it is.

## Sex in Cromwells.

Of course with the sexes on a footing of equality as regarded opportunity, it would not be long until a female Cromwell made her appearance, and, having made her appearance, was getting her portrait painted.

The painter, once more a fawning, courtly fellow, would have the picture a flattery; but she rebuked him in words that became historic! "Paint in the hips!" she commanded, sternly, showing that she could be more rigidly devoted to the truth than Oliver himself.—Puck.

## Hospitals a Benefit to Property.

The National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis has recently concluded an investigation, which shows that 67.5 per cent. of the tuberculosis sanatoria and hospitals of the United States have been a benefit to the property and health of the communities in which they are located. In the case of more than 62 per cent. of the sanatoria the presence of the institutions has helped to increase the assessed value of surrounding property.

## Another Step Needed.

"I like my house all right," said Luschman, "except for one thing. I guess you'll have to fix that."

"What is it?" asked the architect. "Several times lately I've nearly broken my neck reaching for another step at the head of the stairs when I got home late, so I guess you'd better put another step there."—Catholic Standard and Times.

## What Made Her Suspect.

Hubby—But what makes you think I've been drinking? Wife—Several things. The principal one, however, is that you're so fearfully drunk.—Cleveland Leader.

## The Facts.

"Do poets ever really starve?" "Well, maybe not. But we seldom ever get a chance to overeat."

## MORE PINKHAM CURES

Added to the Long List due to This Famous Remedy.

Camden, N.J.—"It is with pleasure that I add my testimonial to your already long list—hoping that it may induce others to avail themselves of this valuable medicine, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I suffered from terrible headaches, pain in my back and right side, was tired and nervous, and so weak I could hardly stand. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound restored me to health and made me feel like a new person, and it shall always have my praise."

—MRS. W. P. VALENTINE, 902 Lincoln Avenue, Camden, N. J.

Gardiner, Me.—"I was a great sufferer from a female disease. The doctor said I would have to go to the hospital for an operation, but Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound completely cured me in three months."

—MRS. S. A. WILLIAMS, R. F. D. No. 14, Box 89, Gardiner, Me.

Because your case is a difficult one, doctors having done you no good, do not continue to suffer without giving Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial. It surely has cured many cases of female ills, such as inflammation, ulceration, displacements, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, that bearing-down feeling, indigestion, dizziness and nervous prostration. It costs but a trifle to try it, and the result is worth millions to many suffering women.

